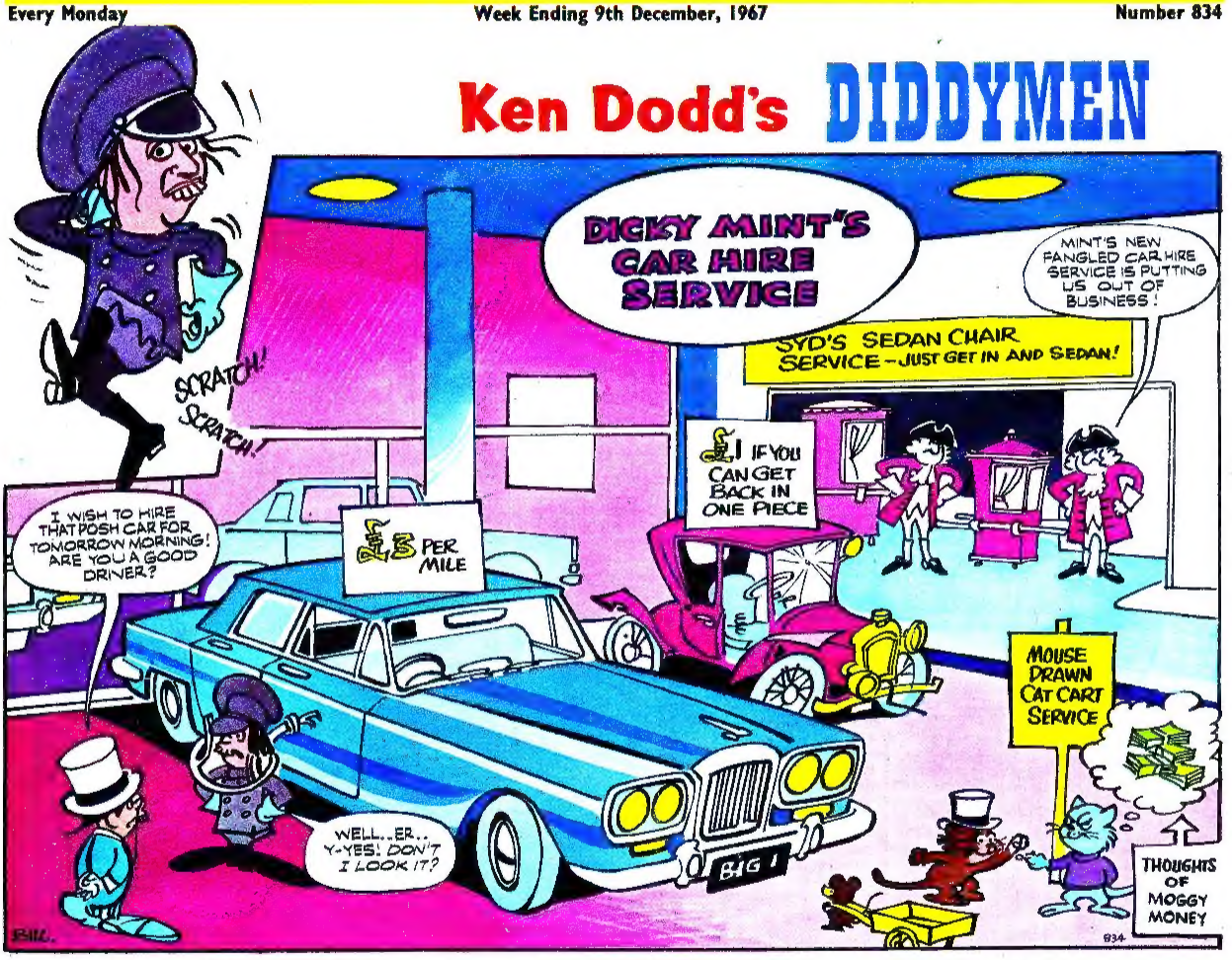
Sixpence

TV COMIC

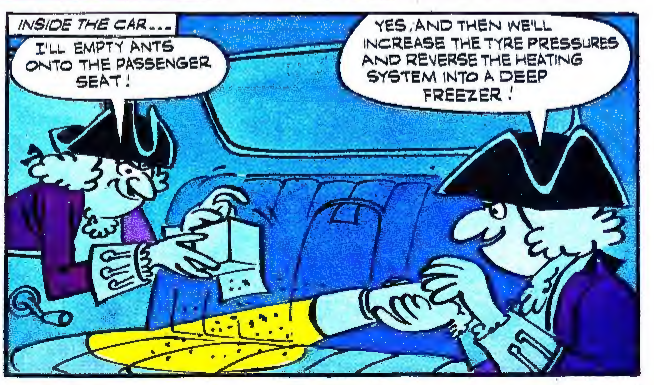
Every Monday | Week Ending 9th December, 1967 | Number 834

Regimental riots with BEETLE BAILEY on page 3

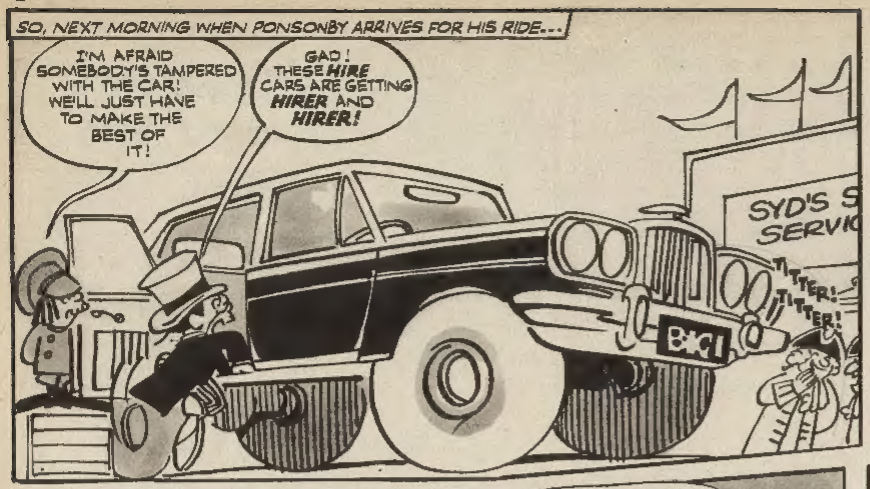
Ken Dodd's DIDDYMEN

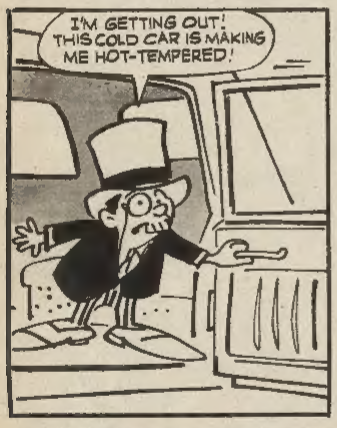

DICKY MINT'S CAR HIRE SERVICE
MINT'S NEW FANGLED CAR HIRE SERVICE IS PUTTING US OUT OF BUSINESS!
SYD'S SEDAN CHAIR SERVICE – JUST GET IN AND SEDAN!
£1 IF YOU CAN GET BACK IN ONE PIECE
£5 PER MILE
I WISH TO HIRE THAT POSH CAR FOR TOMORROW MORNING! ARE YOU A GOOD DRIVER?
SCRATCH! SCRATCH!
WELL..ER.. Y-YES! DON'T I LOOK IT?
BIG 1
MOUSE DRAWN CAT CART SERVICE
THOUGHTS OF MOGGY MONEY
BILL
834

THAT NIGHT...
IF WE MAKE THEIR POSH CAR UNCOMFORTABLE, PONSONBY WON'T WANT TO TRAVEL IN IT TOMORROW!
HEH! HEH! THEN HE'LL HAVE TO TRAVEL BY SEDAN CHAIR!

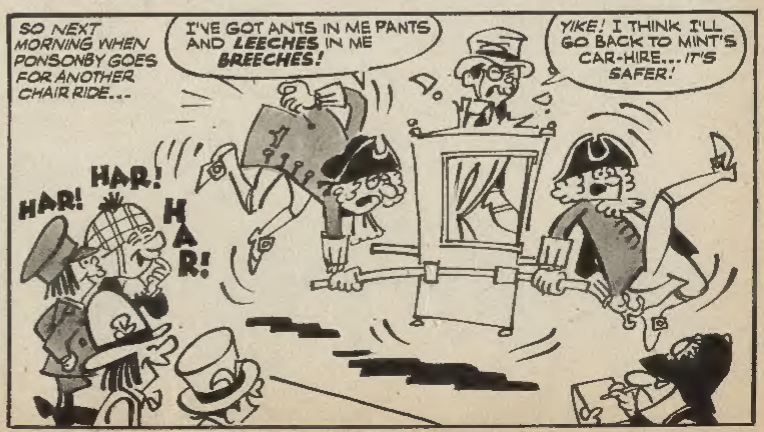

INSIDE THE CAR...
I'LL EMPTY ANTS ONTO THE PASSENGER SEAT!
YES, AND THEN WE'LL INCREASE THE TYRE PRESSURES AND REVERSE THE HEATING SYSTEM INTO A DEEP FREEZER!

Go round the bend to page two!


SO, NEXT MORNING WHEN PONSONBY ARRIVES FOR HIS RIDE...
I'M AFRAID SOMEBODY'S TAMPERED WITH THE CAR! WE'LL JUST HAVE TO MAKE THE BEST OF IT!
GAD! THESE HIRE CARS ARE GETTING HIRER AND HIRER!
SYD'S S SERVI
TITTER! TITTER!
BANG!



I BET THOSE TWO TAMPERED WITH MY CAR!
AWK! THE HIRER THEY ARE THE HARDER THEY FALL!
SID'S SEDAN CHAIR SERVICE WON'T LET YOU DOWN LIKE THAT, SIR!

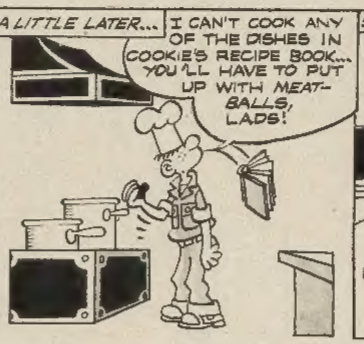

SO NEXT MORNING WHEN PONSONBY GOES FOR ANOTHER CHAIR RIDE...
I'VE GOT ANTS IN ME PANTS AND LEECHES IN ME BREECHES!
YIKE! I THINK I'LL GO BACK TO MINT'S CAR-HIRE... IT'S SAFER!
HAR! HAR! HAR!

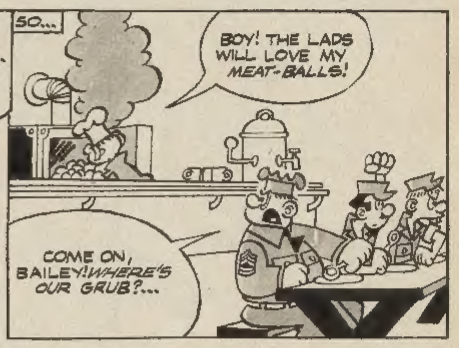
Don't miss the mysterious tale of the Abominable Diddyman next week!

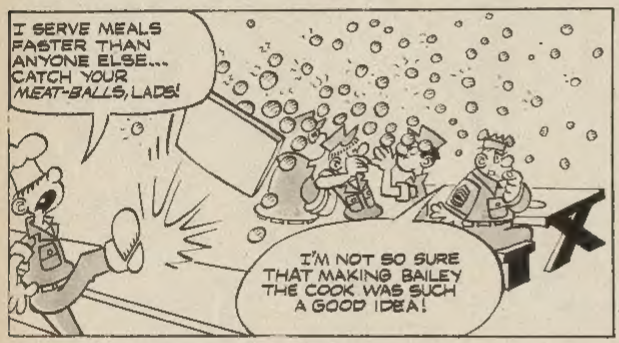
BEETLE BAILEY

HE FINALLY GOT FOOD POISONING FROM HIS OWN SLUDGE!
SERVES HIM RIGHT.. A WEEK IN HOSPITAL WILL TEACH HIM TO COOK US BETTER MEALS!
834

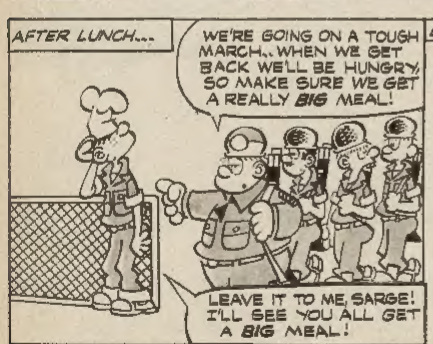
WITH COOKIE IN HOSPITAL FOR A LITTLE WHILE... YOU'LL HAVE TO COOK OUR MEALS BAILEY!
OH, NO! I'M A ROTTEN COOK, I DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW TO BOIL AN EGG!

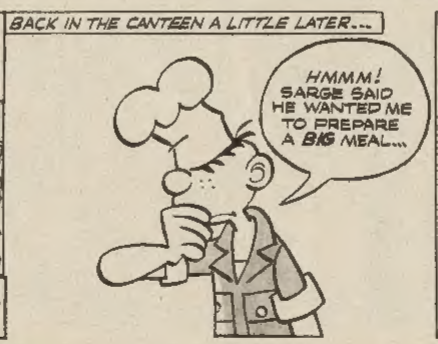


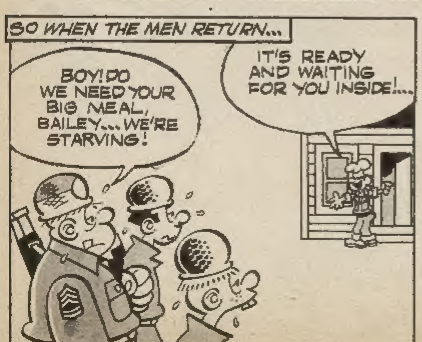


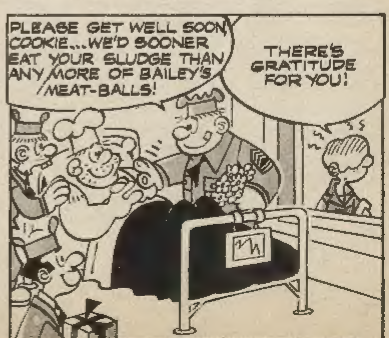

I SERVE MEALS FASTER THAN ANYONE ELSE... CATCH YOUR MEAT-BALLS, LADS!
I'M NOT SO SURE THAT MAKING BAILEY THE COOK WAS SUCH A GOOD IDEA!

ALL THE FOLLOWING WEEK THE SOLDIERS ARE SERVED MEAT-BALLS EVERY DAY ...
OH, NO! NOT MEAT-BALLS AGAIN!
BAILEY CAN'T COOK ANYTHING ELSE.. I'LL BE GLAD WHEN COOKIE GETS BACK!


AFTER LUNCH...
WE'RE GOING ON A TOUGH MARCH.. WHEN WE GET BACK WE'LL BE HUNGRY, SO MAKE SURE WE GET A REALLY BIG MEAL!
LEAVE IT TO ME, SARGE! I'LL SEE YOU ALL GET A BIG MEAL!







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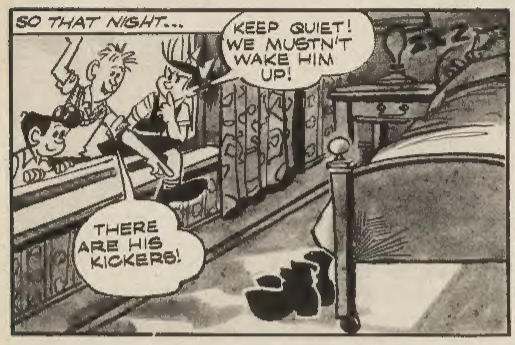
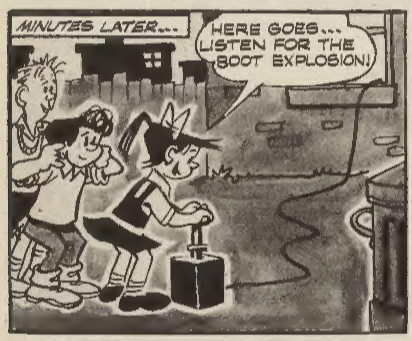
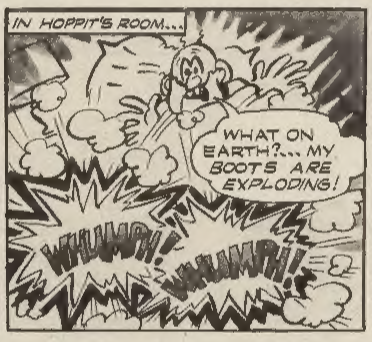
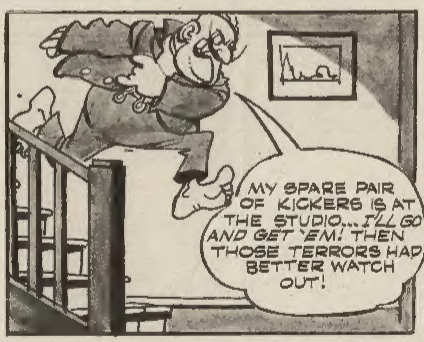
Medical mirth next week when Bailey is put in charge of first aid!

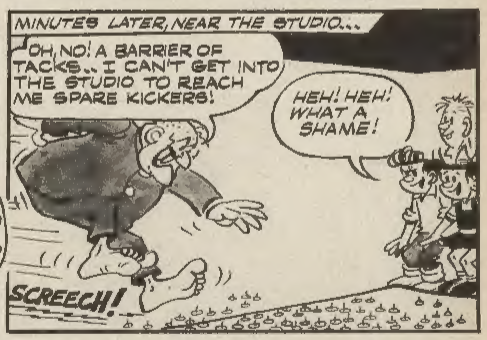
TV TERRORS

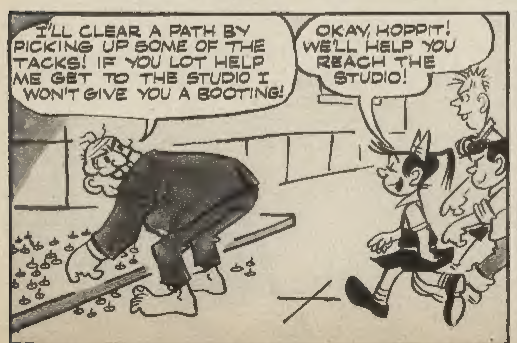






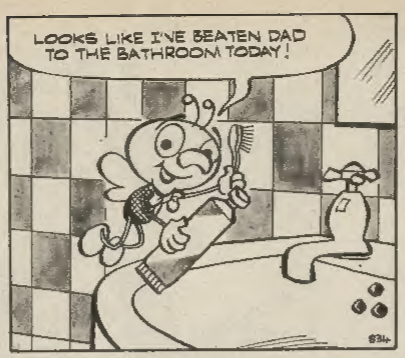


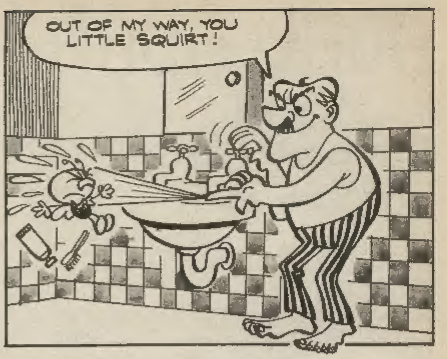

MINUTES LATER, NEAR THE STUDIO...
OH, NO! A BARRIER OF TACKS... I CAN'T GET INTO THE STUDIO TO REACH ME SPARE KICKERS!
HEH! HEH! WHAT A SHAME!
SCREECH!

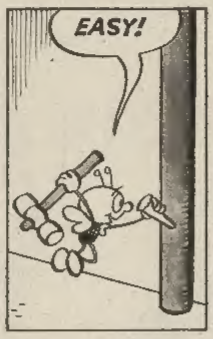

I'LL CLEAR A PATH BY PICKING UP SOME OF THE TACKS! IF YOU LOT HELP ME GET TO THE STUDIO I WON'T GIVE YOU A BOOTING!
OKAY, HOPPIT! WE'LL HELP YOU REACH THE STUDIO!

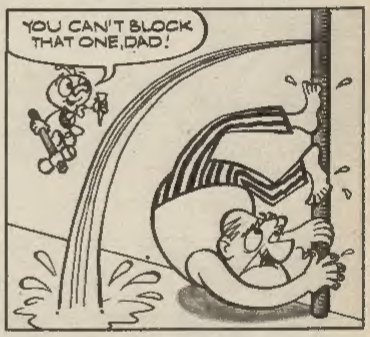
Guard against a giggle outbreak when the Terrors hire a bodyguard next week!

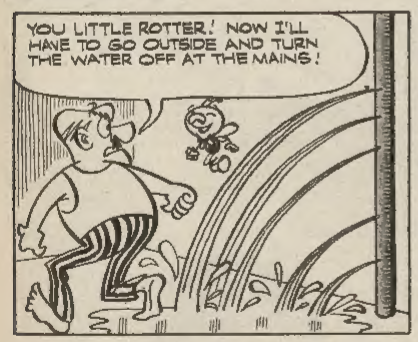
MIGHTY MOTH

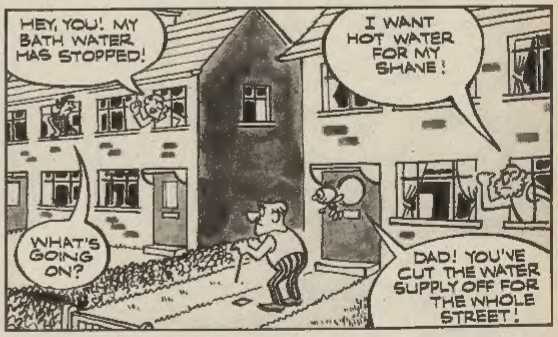


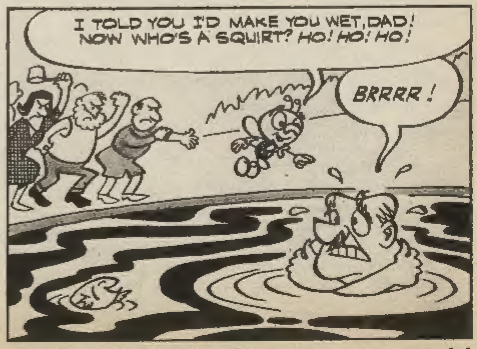








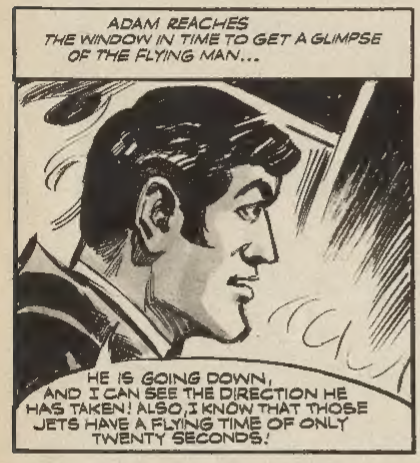

HEY, YOU! MY BATH WATER HAS STOPPED!
I WANT HOT WATER FOR MY SHAVE!
WHAT'S GOING ON?
DAD! YOU'VE CUT THE WATER SUPPLY OFF FOR THE WHOLE STREET!



There's laughter in store when Dad goes shopping next week!

ADAM ADAMANT

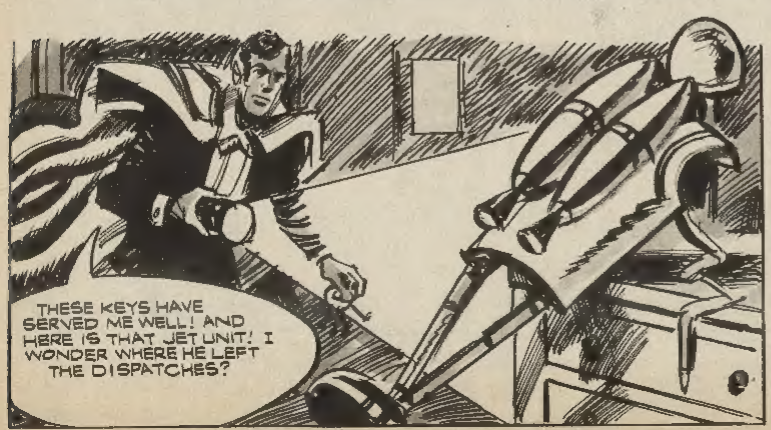
LEFT stunned amid the blazing ruin of his study by a Flying Man wearing an American-type jet-propulsion unit, Adam is roused by the heat of the flames . . .


ADAM REACHES THE WINDOW IN TIME TO GET A GLIMPSE OF THE FLYING MAN...
HE IS GOING DOWN, AND I CAN SEE THE DIRECTION HE HAS TAKEN! ALSO, I KNOW THAT THOSE JETS HAVE A FLYING TIME OF ONLY TWENTY SECONDS!

TWENTY SECONDS AT THIRTY MILES AN HOUR--THAT IS ONLY A FEW HUNDRED YARDS AWAY! HE MUST HAVE COME DOWN SOMEWHERE ROUND THE NEXT CORNER!

BUT, ROUND THE NEXT CORNER, THERE IS ONLY A BUILDING SITE...
WHAT IS THIS? AM I MISTAKEN? NO, I AM SURE HE CAME DOWN SOMEWHERE HERE! I WILL INVESTIGATE!

OFFICE
CLIMBING THAT FENCE WAS EASY! AND THIS COULD BE THE HUT WHERE HE HAS HIDDEN HIS JET-UNIT! THIS LARGE SPACE IS IDEAL FOR HIS DESCENT!



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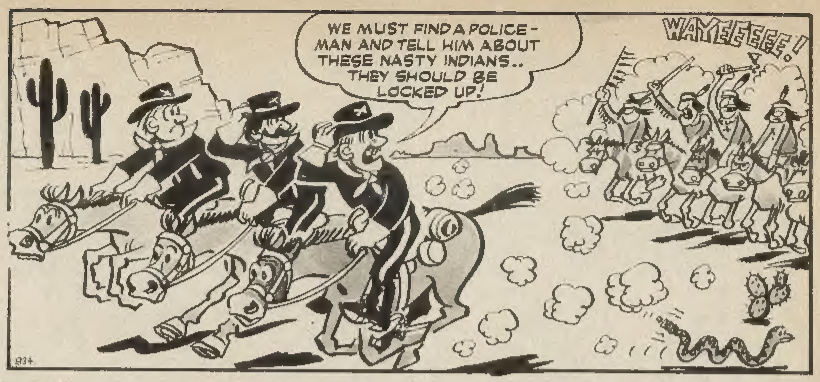
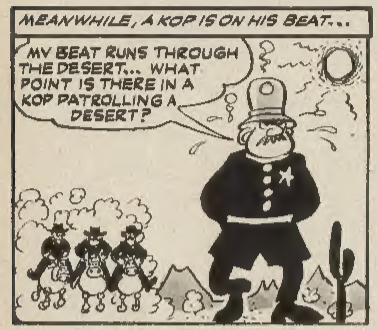
More adventures with Adam in the full colour Adam Adamant Annual on sale now!

Bob Monkhouse's MAD MOVIES

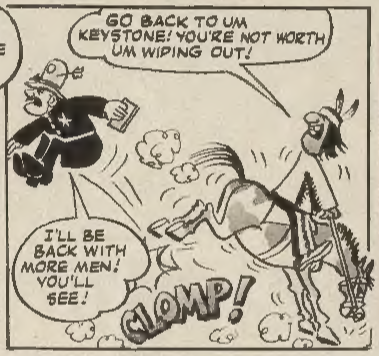
featuring

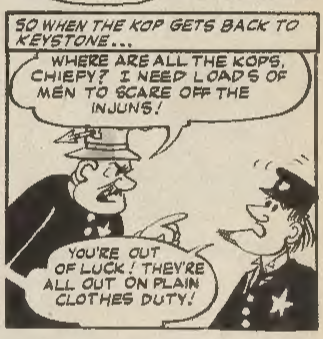
The Keystone Kops



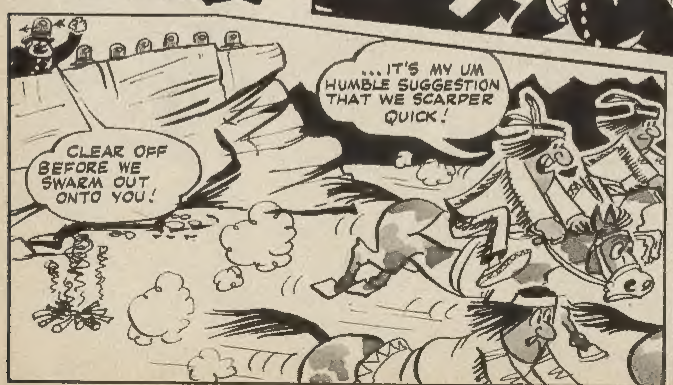


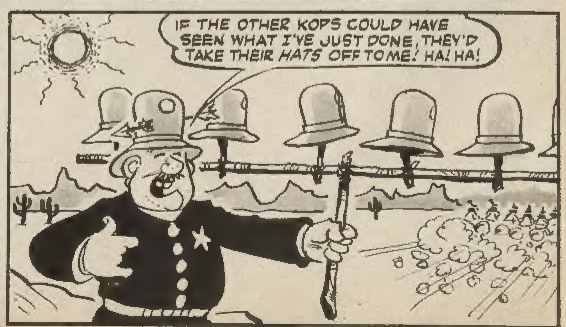
IT'S MY DUTY TO WARN YOU THAT ANYTHING YOU SAY WILL BE TAKEN DOWN AND MAY BE USED IN EVIDENCE ...
HAW! HAW!
HAR! HAR! ME THINK UM KOP SHOULD CLEAR OFF BEFORE WE REMOVE HIS HELMET AND HIS HAIR WITH IT!




SO WHEN THE KOP GETS BACK TO KEYSTONE...
WHERE ARE ALL THE KOPS, CHIEFY? I NEED LOADS OF MEN TO SCARE OFF THE INJUNS!
YOU'RE OUT OF LUCK! THEY'RE ALL OUT ON PLAIN CLOTHES DUTY!

MINUTES LATER...
DON'T WORRY, CHIEFY! YOU CAN LEAVE THE INJUNS TO ME... I HAVE A PLAN!
WONDER WHAT HE'S GOING TO DO WITH ALL THOSE HELMETS?





Rights granted by Raymond Rohauer, owner and assignee of Estate of Mack Sennett

Knext week Kops and Krooks add up to kackles!

DOCTOR WHO
A ZANY butterfly collector has been imprisoned by the Cybermen. Dr. Who, John and Gillian are trying to rescue him using flowers which give out an odour deadly to Cybermen . . .
WE CAN'T FIGHT ALL THE CYBERMEN IN THIS CITY AT ONCE! WE'LL HIDE AND PICK THEM OFF A FEW AT A TIME!
A-L-E-R-T! ALERT! KILL OUR ENEMIES!
GOOD THINKING, DOCTOR!
MINUTES LATER...
STORAGE
THERE! HIDE IN THOSE EMPTY STORAGE BINS...IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!
FOLLOW ME YOU TWO...WE MUST FIND THE INTRUDERS AND DEAL WITH THEM!
HERE COMES A SMALL GROUP OF CYBERMEN NOW...
GIVE THEM A FACEFUL OF FLOWER POWER, CHILDREN!
AH!
UH!
QUICKLY! PROFESSOR GNAT IS IMPRISONED INSIDE THIS MOUNTAIN SOMEWHERE...WE MUST FIND HIM!
IT APPEARS THE SWEET SMELL OF OUR LITTLE PLANTS IS NOT TO THEIR LIKING...
A LITTLE LATER, DEEPER IN THE MOUNTAIN...
THE JAILER IS PROBABLY GUARDING THE BUTTERFLY COLLECTOR'S CELL...QUICKLY, DOCTOR!! WATCH OUT FOR THIS DEADLY RAY!
LEAVE THE JAILER TO ME, CHILDREN!
A-A-H! I WILL CRUSH YOU FOR THIS, WEAKLING!
USE THE FLOWERS BEFORE HE KILLS YOU, DOCTOR!
A-A-H!
OOF!.. TAKE THAT!
THE AROMA WORKED JUST IN TIME...I THOUGHT MY RIBS WERE GOING TO BURST!
THAT WAS A CLOSE ESCAPE... LET'S FREE PROFESSOR GNAT AND GET OUT OF HERE!
DON'T WORRY, PROFESSOR GNAT... I'LL HAVE YOU OUT OF THERE IN A JIFFY!
YOU'RE FREE, MY FRIEND... FOLLOW ME WITH ALL SPEED!
BE QUIET! YOU'LL DISTURB THIS WEIRD FLYING SPIDER... IT'S THE MOST INTERESTING THING I'VE EVER SEEN!
YOU MUST BE MAD! A WHOLE GARRISON OF CYBERMEN ARE AFTER US ALL AND YOU WANT TO STUDY A FEMALE SPIDER...
LEAVE ME ALONE!

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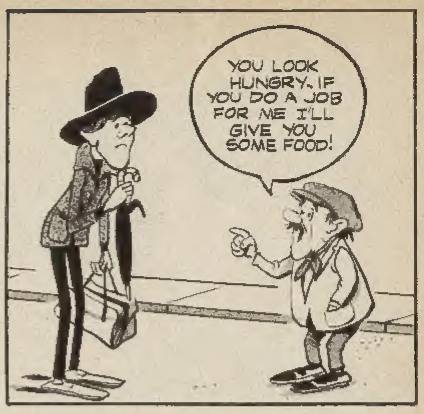
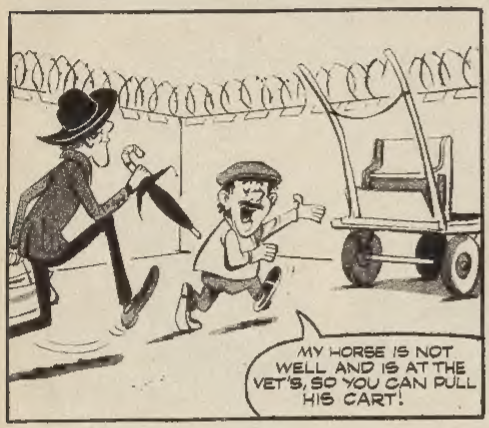
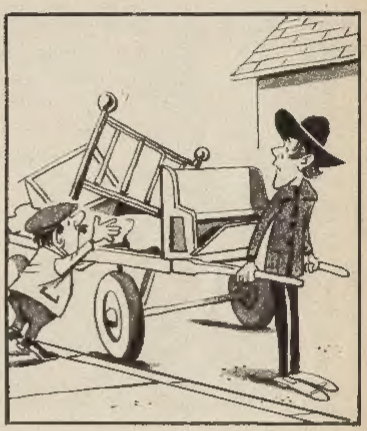
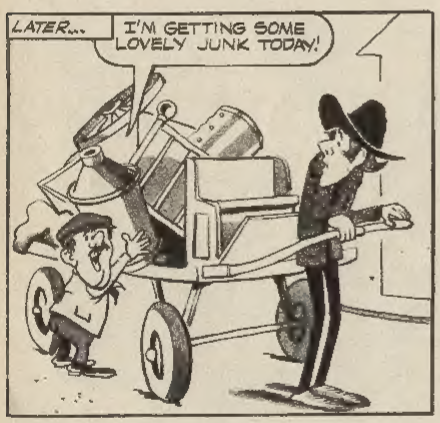
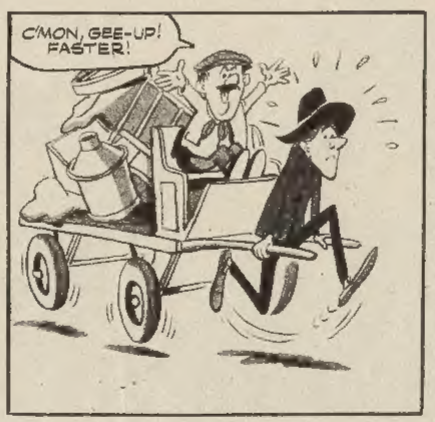
With the Cybermen seconds away, what can the Doctor do! See next week.

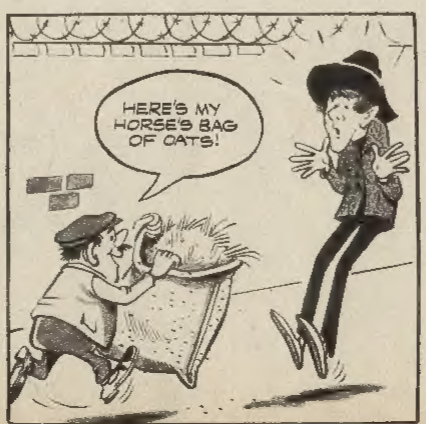


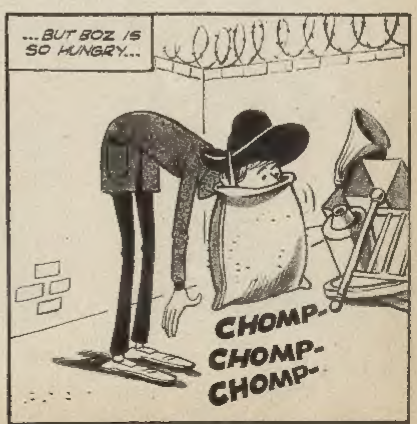










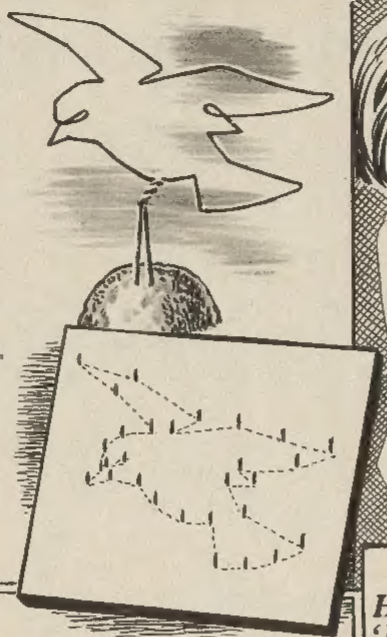


Based on the Rediffusion Network Production

Boz strikes a funny note when he plays the tuba next week!

HOW

How to make a wire sculpture



YOU need soft wire, clay, pencil, soft wood board, a hammer, and some small nails.

Draw a simple outline of an animal, bird or fish on the soft wood board. Now hammer nails along the pencilled outline. Stretch the wire around the nails, following the outline, and then remove the wire sculpture from the nails without spoiling the outline. Twist the ends of the wire together and push them into the clay for a base. Stand the sculpture upright.

How to pronounce some unusual family names

Marjoribanks	pronounced	*Marshbanks*
Colquhoun	,,	*Kerhoon*
Pontefract	,,	*Pomfret*
Wemyss	,,	*Weems*
Pepys	,,	*Peeps*
Brougham	,,	*Broom*
Devereux	,,	*Deverooks*
Knollys	,,	*Noles*
Burghley	,,	*Birley*

How fog deadens sound

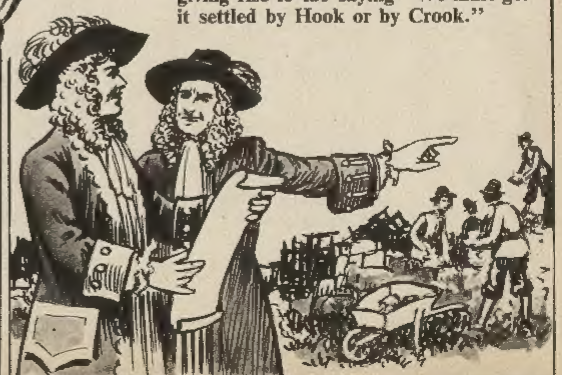
YOU may have noticed that in a fog, sounds become softened. Sound, to be heard at all, must have a medium through which air waves can travel. Sound travels over four times faster through water than through air.

Nothing can be heard in a vacuum. In foggy conditions, although the air may seem thick and heavy the atmosphere is very thin, and is therefore a poor conductor of sound.

How did the saying 'By hook or by crook' originate?

THERE are two possible explanations for this saying. One is that in olden days the poor people were allowed by the lord of the manor to go into his woods to collect fuel, using their bill-hooks to cut the branches pulled down with their crooks.

After the Great Fire of London in 1666, the boundaries of properties became hard to define. Two lawyers living at this time who successfully handled many of the claims were named Hook and Crook, giving rise to the saying "We must get it settled by Hook or by Crook."



How much cottonwool can you get into a tumbler?

You need a good supply of cottonwool and a glass of water. You'll be surprised at the large amount of cottonwool that can be pushed into the tumbler. The air is forced out of the cotton-wool by the water. The cottonwool absorbs the water at an amazing speed, and hence a large amount of it is able to be forced into the glass.

Based on the Southern Independent Television Network Production

More curious problems on the HOW page next week!

A great painting competition!

1000 tickets to be won!

(2 per winner) for Tom Arnold's

Cinderella

on ice

at the EMPIRE POOL, WEMBLEY
on one of the following dates:
1st, 2nd, 3rd & 4th January 1968

PLUS 12 STAR PRIZES of Kodak 'Instamatic 25' cameras

TO ENTER, colour this picture of Cinderella with paints or crayons and send it to the following address: **Cinderella Painting Competition, TV Comic, 37-39, High Holborn, London W.C.1.**

IMPORTANT: Your parent or guardian must sign your entry saying he or she will accompany you if you are successful in winning tickets. The Editor's decision is final. All entries must be received by **Wednesday, 13th December, 1967.** Please state your name, age and address in the space below:

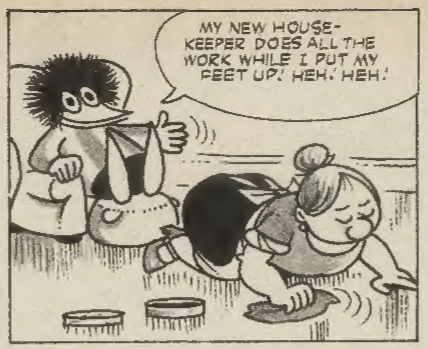
Name..... Age..... Address..... .....

.....

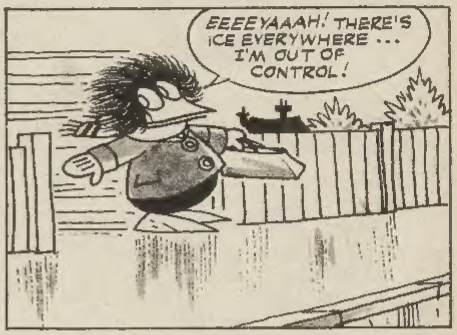
Signature .....(Parent/Guardian).....

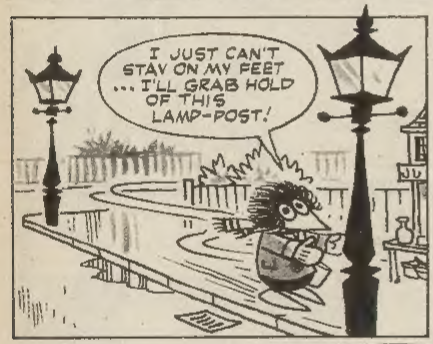
Tivvy

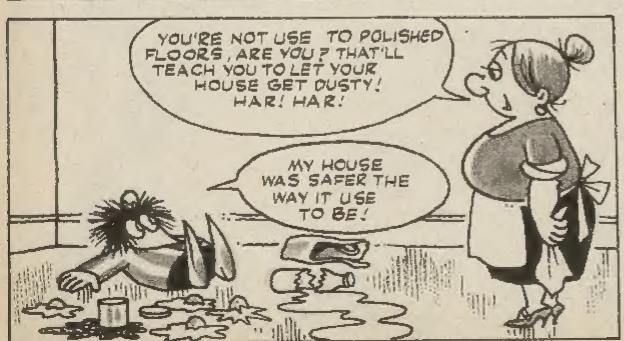
Tivvy created by Atelier Fauni, Finland.

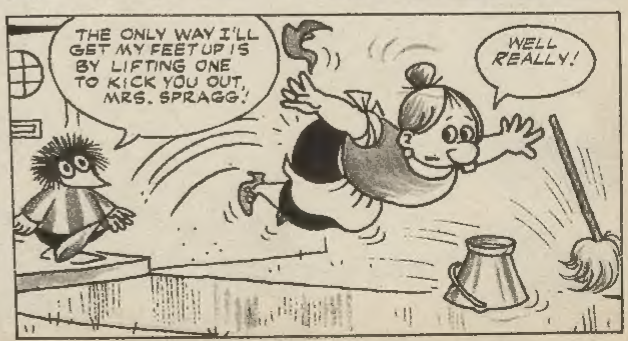


WHILE I'M DUSTING, I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO POP DOWN THE SHOPS FOR SOME MILK, EGGS AND TWO JARS OF JAM!
WELL..ER.. I SUPPOSE SO, IF IT'S REALLY NECESSARY!






YOU'RE NOT USE TO POLISHED FLOORS, ARE YOU? THAT'LL TEACH YOU TO LET YOUR HOUSE GET DUSTY! HAR! HAR!
MY HOUSE WAS SAFER THE WAY IT USE TO BE!



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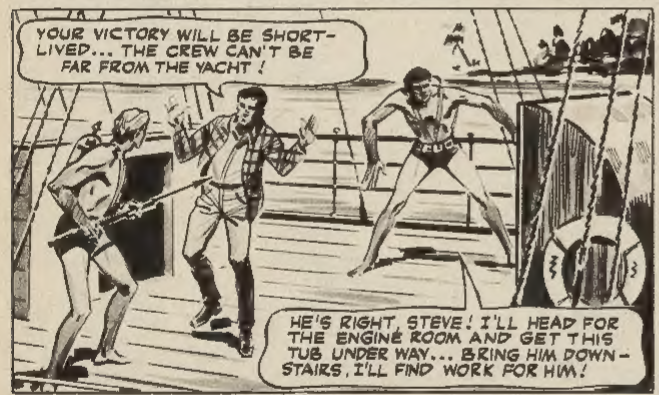
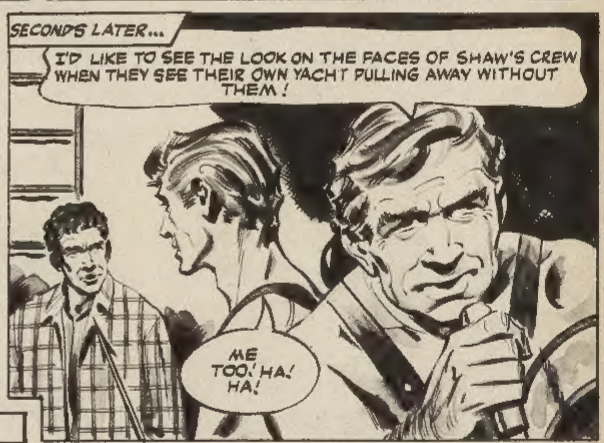
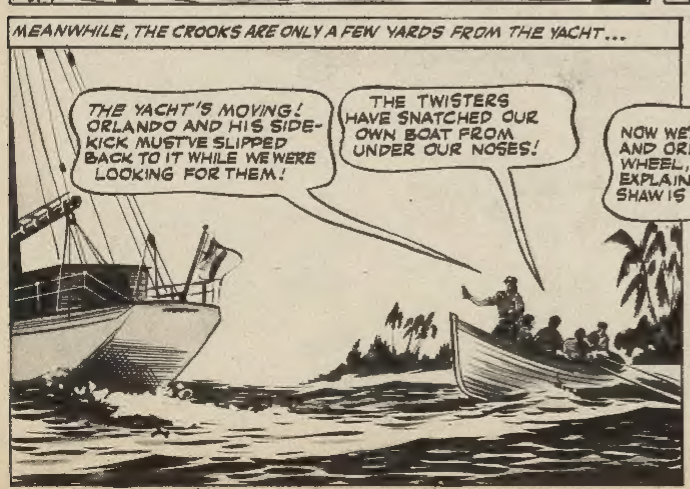
ORLANDO

GANG boss Charles Shaw plans to eliminate the top crime-fighters in Britain, among them Orlando and Steve, so that he may control the country's crime. In the Caribbean the crew of Shaw's yacht are searching for Orlando and Steve unaware that their radio operator already holds them at gun-point . . .

WHEN THE CREW RETURN TO THE YACHT, THEY CAN HELP ME TOSS YOUR BODIES OVER THE SIDE.
WHAT A CHEERY THOUGHT... I'M BLOWED IF I'M GOING TO STAND HERE AND BE USED FOR TARGET PRACTICE!


YOUR VICTORY WILL BE SHORT-LIVED... THE CREW CAN'T BE FAR FROM THE YACHT!
HE'S RIGHT, STEVE! I'LL HEAD FOR THE ENGINE ROOM AND GET THIS TUB UNDER WAY... BRING HIM DOWN-STAIRS, I'LL FIND WORK FOR HIM!


SECONDS LATER...
I'D LIKE TO SEE THE LOOK ON THE FACES OF SHAW'S CREW WHEN THEY SEE THEIR OWN YACHT PULLING AWAY WITHOUT THEM!
ME TOO! HA! HA!


MEANWHILE, THE CROOKS ARE ONLY A FEW YARDS FROM THE YACHT...
THE YACHT'S MOVING! ORLANDO AND HIS SIDE-KICK MUST'VE SLIPPED BACK TO IT WHILE WE WERE LOOKING FOR THEM!
THE TWISTERS HAVE SNATCHED OUR OWN BOAT FROM UNDER OUR NOSES!

BACK ABOARD...
CALM DOWN! I-I'LL TALK.. SHAW IS A TOP GANG BOSS AND WANTS YOU TWO AND A FEW OTHER CRIME-FIGHTERS OUT OF THE WAY SO HE CAN CONTROL BRITAIN'S CRIME WITHOUT INTERFERENCE!
NOW WE'RE UNDERWAY AND ORLANDO'S AT THE WHEEL, YOU CAN START EXPLAINING WHAT MR. SHAW IS REALLY UP TO!

Based on the Rediffusion Network Production

YOU CAN TELL ORLANDO WHAT YOU'VE JUST TOLD ME! HE'LL KNOW WHAT ACTION TO TAKE!
IN VIEW OF WHAT YOU'VE TOLD ME ABOUT SHAW'S PLANS TO ELIMINATE BRITAIN'S TOP CRIME-FIGHTERS, WE'D BETTER HEAD BACK AND HELP THE POLICE ALL WE CAN!
I'LL GET FULL SAIL UP IMMEDIATELY!
YOU TWO WILL NEVER MAKE IT BACK TO ENGLAND! BEFORE YOU CAME ABOARD I CONTACTED SHAW AND ASKED HIM TO SEND HELP!
WHAT KIND OF HELP?
BELIEVE IT OR NOT HE'S SENDING A JET FIGHTER!
SURELY HE'S BLUFFING!
IT'S PROBABLY THE TRUTH, STEVE.. DON'T FORGET SHAW IS A MULTI-MILLIONAIRE!
WHILE ORLANDO AND STEVE ARE RECOVERING FROM THE SHOCK, SHAW'S BABY FIGHTER IS ON ITS WAY...
PILOT TO CRIME HEAD-QUARTERS...TELL MR. SHAW I'LL BE OVER THE CARIBBEAN IN AN HOUR!
YOU'RE RIGHT, STEVE! WE'RE SITTING DUCKS FOR A WELL EQUIPPED STRIKE AIRCRAFT!
THE PLANE WILL BE ON TOP OF US IN NO TIME! WE'VE NO PROTECTION AND NOTHING TO FIGHT BACK WITH!

Buy the all-action, full colour Orlando Annual on sale now, price 10/6!

TV COMIC presents... POPEYE
I'M SINGING IN THE OPERA TONIGHT ...I MUST KEEP MY THROAT OILED!
834
A LITTLE LATER...
WHAT IS YA DOING WIT' THAT CREEP?.. AND WHERE IS YA GOING?
THIS IS MY NEW BOYFRIEND, EL BRUTO! WE'RE BOTH SINGING IN THE OPERA AT CITY HALL TONIGHT, SO THERE!
GORSH! ME GIRL HAS LEFT ME FOR A SINGING CAREER... I MUST FOLLOW HER AND TRY TO WIN HER BACK FROM EL BRUTO!
... AND NOW FOR YOUR ENTERTAINMENT, OLIVE AND EL BRUTO WILL SING PART OF THE MADAM BUTTERFLY OPERA!
THANK YOU, FANS!
EXIT
CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP
SKREEECH! Y-E-L-P!
GLUBOOO! BUBBOOO!
YEK!
BOO!
HISS!
AAAAAGH!
WHAT A ROTTEN RACKET!
SKREEECH! E-E-E-K!
BABBALOO!
SHUT 'EM UP!
PELT 'EM WITH ALL YOU'VE GOT, LADS!
AW!
YEAH! STOP THE OLD HEN FROM SQUAWKING!
URK!
THIS IS VERY EMBARRASINK! I KIN NOT SIT HERE MUCH LONGER AND SEE ME SWEETHEART PELTED AND JEERED AT!
GIT OFF!
BOO!
YAH!
HMM! THERE'S TOO MANY OF 'EM TO BEAT UP... I'LL HAVE TO TRY SOMETHING ELSE!
WHAT THE AUDIENCE NEEDS IS SOME REAL SINGING!
I'M POPEYE THE SAILOR MAN...
TOOT! TOOT!
EH?
EH?
? ? ?
I'M POPEYE THE SAILOR MAN...
... I'M STRONG TO THE FINISH 'CAUSE I EATS ME SPINACH ... I'M POPEYE THE SAILOR MAN!
YOU'RE A GREAT SINGER, POPEYE! I'LL COME BACK TO YOU!
HOORAY FOR POPEYE, THIS IS BETTER THAN OPERA!

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